THE

DRAMATIC CENSOR;

OR,

MONTHLY EPITOME

OF

Taste, Fashion, and Manners.

NUMBER XXVIII.

FOR AUGUST 1800.

Bonis nocet, quisquis pepercerit malis.

PUBL. SYRUS.

To spare the bad, is injuring the good.

The *First* and *Second* Volumes of the DRAMATIC CENSOR being now completed, the Work may be had, either in separate Numbers, or in Boards, price Seven Shillings each Volume, by applying to the Publishers, J. ROACH, Russel Court, Drury-Lane; and C. CHAPPLE, 66, Pall Mall.

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

JULY, THURSDAY 3.—'TIS ALL A FARCE—*Allingham.*
OBI, OR, THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

THE New Farce is barely able to keep its ground, as an occasional *make-shift*, when the Manager is at a loss for a succedaneum to fill up the void of time between the

drawing-up of the curtain and the representation of his New Pantomime. This evening was the *eighth* of its lingering existence.

FRIDAY 4.—SIGHS; OR, THE DAUGHTER—*P. Hoare.* OBI; OR, THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

SATURDAY 5.—WAYS AND MEANS—*Colman.* OBI; OR, THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

MONDAY 7.—THE LONDON HERMIT—*O'Keefe.* OBI; OR, THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

TUESDAY 8.—HEIR AT LAW—*Colman.* OBI; OR, THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

WEDNESDAY 9.—THE JEW—*Cumberland.* OBI; OR, THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

THURSDAY 10.—THE AGREEABLE SURPRIZE—*O'Keefe.* FORTUNE'S FROLIC—*Allingham.* OBI; OR, THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

FRIDAY 11.—SIGHS; OR, THE DAUGHTER—*P. Hoare.* OBI; OR, THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

SATURDAY 12.—PEEPING TOM—*O'Keefe.* 'TIS ALL A FARCE—*Allingham.* OBI; OR, THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

MONDAY, 14.—THE LONDON HERMIT—*O'Keefe.* OBI; OR, THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

TUESEAY

TUESDAY 15.—THE POINT OF HONOUR—*C. Kemble.* THE TOBACCONIST—*F. Gentleman.* THE FLITCH OF BACON—*H. Bate.*

THE *Point of Honour*, performed this evening for the first time, affords another proof of the justice of the remarks we made in our former Number, relative to the *manufacture* of Plays by those whose business it is to *act* them. Though an avowed, and nearly *literal* translation, from the French, the Epilogue very pompously described it as the "*maiden* flight of Mr. C. Kemble's muse!"—and, kindly indulgent to that gentleman's vanity, bespoke the benevolence of the audience in his favour, under the title of the *author* and *parent* of the piece! Such mountebank tricks are absolutely disgusting. The *translator*, or (to speak in Mrs. Inchbald's elegant phrase) the *dresser* of a Play, might at least affect a little modesty,

"*Assume a virtue, if you have it not,*"

and not incur the ridicule of sovereign arrogance, by acting the farce of the jackdaw in borrowed plumage.

The Play, in the original, bears the title of *Le Deserteur*, (the Deserter) and was written by Mercier in the year 1730. It consists of five acts in prose, and abounds in that species of sentimental declamation, which forms the characteristic feature of the French drama. As such, it easily admitted of compression from a *five* to a *three-act* piece; the only judicious alteration, in our opinion, which the English adapter has introduced. But, as we wish to award to every one his due share of praise, we propose, after giving a brief sketch of the fable, to contrast the original with the translation, in order to ascertain the extent and value of Mr. Kemble's alterations, and in how far either his curtailments or his additions merit the title of improvements.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Chevalier St. Franc - -	Mr. Barrymore.
Valcour - - - - - - -	Mr. Fawcett.
Durimel - - - - - -	Mr. C. Kemble.
**Steinberg* - - - - - -	Mr. Suett.
First Officer - - - -	Mr. Trueman.
Second Officer - - - -	Mr. Atkins.
†*Zenger* - - - - - - -	Mr. Klanert.
Steibel - - - - - - -	Mr. Chippendale.
Keeper of the Prison - -	Mr. Abbott.
‡*Mrs. Melfort* - - - -	Miss Chapman.
Bertha - - - - - - -	Miss De Camp.

The action, both in the French and English Drama, is supposed to take place in a small town on the German frontiers, of which the French troops have just taken possession. The Play opens with an altercation between *Mrs. Melfort* and *Steinberg*, a ridiculous dotard, who, after having been rejected by the mother, wishes to pay his addresses to her daughter. He reproaches *Mrs. Melfort* with her partiality to the French, evinced, as he alledges, by the protection she has afforded to a youth of that nation, named *Durimel*, who for the last seven years has resided in her house, in the capacity of her agent, or managing clerk. In the hopes of inducing her to withdraw her favour from the young stranger, he hints at certain reports, injurious to her daughter's reputation. *Mrs. Melfort* interrupts him, by observing that, as such reports can only be calculated to produce uneasiness,

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* In the French Drama, this person goes by the name of *Hoctau*.

† None of these characters occur in the French Play;—and, indeed, in Mr. Kemble's version they serve little purpose, except to swell the list of *Dramatis Personæ*.

‡ Madame *Luzere*, in the original: her daughter's name *Clary*.

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she means to silence them at once, by bestowing her daughter on *Durimel* in marriage. *Bertha* now enters, and gives the finishing blow to *Steinberg's* hopes, by formally rejecting his suit, and openly avowing her attachment to his younger rival. *Steinberg* walks off in a rage, but returns immediately; and, finding himself the subject of conversation, conceals himself in a closet in the room, where he has an opportunity of over-hearing what passes.

After some further discourse between *Mrs. Melfort* and her daughter, relative to her impending marriage with *Durimel*, the latter makes his appearance, and *Bertha* modestly withdraws. *Mrs. Melfort* apprizes *Durimel* of her kind intentions in his favour; but the lover, instead of breaking out into raptures, as she expected, assumes a solemn and dejected air. She eagerly enquires into the cause of his melancholy, which leads to the confession of a secret of the utmost magnitude, involving not only his fortune but his life. *Durimel* informs her, that having no paternal inheritance, and being the son of a private soldier, he followed the example of his father, and at the age of sixteen embraced the career of arms. After serving five years, under a very rigorous commander, who afforded him frequent opportunities of exercising the Christian virtue of patience, in a fatal moment, being unjustly molested, his blood began to boil. "I answered sharply," he says, "and received a blow. An involuntary motion carried my hand to my sword; and in the moment, when I thought vengeance within my reach, I became a slave. Degraded, loaded with irons, and thrust into a dungeon, my only resource was to bribe my guards. I was instantly denounced, pursued, declared a deserter, and adjudged to death.

"A wandering outcast, I arrived upon the German frontier. Fortune then seemed to smile, in offering me an asylum under your hospitable roof, where seven years have rolled

rolled away in peace:—but in the happiest moment of my life, the war conducts the very regiment hither, which bears my sentence. My judges are at your door, Madam. Once recognized, my doom is certain."

Scarcely is this confession made, when a servant announces that the enemy's regiments have entered the town, and that two of the officers are billetted on the house. *Mrs. Melfort* orders them to be lodged at the far end of the corrider, and counsels *Durimel* to keep himself concealed in an apartment behind the manufactory, where he may find a safe retreat from every eye. *Melfort* and *Durimel* then withdraw, and *Steinberg*, who has over-heard the fatal secret, steals from his lurking place, resolved to revenge himself upon his rival, by betraying him.

Scene II. Introduces us to *St. France* and *Valcour*, the officers billetted on *Mrs. Melfort*. The former is an elderly gentleman of grave habits; the other an arrant coxcomb, who carries his fooleries to the very excess of rudeness and impertinence, not to say brutality. There is nothing in this scene which deserves farther notice, than just to remark, that the insolence of this military puppy is very properly resented by *Durimel*, who with difficulty is restrained by the ladies from chastising it; and that *Valcour* at last walks off to his chamber, determined to pursue the adventure, as well to punish his rival, as "to procure himself amusement." This concludes the *First* Act of the English, and the *Second* Act of the French Play.

Act II. Discovers *Mrs. Melfort* and *St. Franc* in a confidential *tête à tête*. They are both on the eve of imparting their secret griefs to each other, when the sound of drums and fifes interrupts their discourse, and *Bertha* rushes distracted upon the stage, with the news of *Durimel's* arrest by a guard of soldiers. *Mrs. Melfort* immediately devines the cause, and requesting her daughter to withdraw,

withdraw, acquaints *St. Franc* with *Durimel's* history, earnestly conjuring him to exert his authority and credit, to procure a pardon for the unhappy youth.

St. Franc quits the room, his mind filled with dreadful forebodings, lest in the person of *Durimel*, he should at length find his apprehensions verified of meeting his own son, whose loss he had long deplored, in the character of a deserter. Shortly after *Bertha* enters, accompanied by *Steinberg*, who accuses *Valcour* of the perfidy he has himself been guilty of, in informing against *Durimel.* Though he imposes upon the family in the first instance, as to the author of their calamity, the satisfaction he derives from *Durimel's* overthrow, (which he has not the art to disguise) sufficiently betrays the baseness of his heart; and he is ordered to leave the house, loaded with upbraidings.

Valcour next makes his appearance, and encounters the reproaches due to the treachery of which he stands accused by *Steinberg.* He repels the charge with indignation; and, to establish his innocence, flies immediately to the Colonel of the regiment, (his own father) to solicit *Durimel's* pardon.

The Scene now changes, from the garden, to a room in *Mrs. Melfort's* house. *St. Franc*, in the person of *Durimel*, has recognized his own son, and at once laments the perverseness of his fate, and his inability to save him. All he has been able to obtain from his judges is, a respite of a few hours, and permission for *Durimel* to revisit the hospitable roof of his benefactress. Here *St. Franc* has determined to reveal himself to his son, and for that purpose requests of *Mrs. Melfort* that they may be left alone together.

An affecting interview ensues between *Durimel* and his venerable parent, who having satisfied himself of his son's fortitude and resignation, consents to his union with *Bertha*, during the short period of existence yet allotted him.

ACT. III. Commences with a lame attempt at humour, designed to operate as a relief to the general gloom of the picture; but instead of comic force, we meet with a series of buffoonery, too low even for farce itself. *Steinberg* first receives a letter from *Valcour*, insisting on an immediate apology for the insult offered him by the old dotard, by fathering his own treachery in betraying *Durimel* upon the young officer. 'Ere he has extricated himself from this dilemma, two soldiers enter his house with a letter, and pointing to the signature, demand a categorical answer, whether he acknowledges to the hand-writing? *Steinberg*, supposing it to relate to some contract for the army, boldly replies in the affirmative; he "can swear to it by the *A's* and the *G's*."—But when he finds that the letter in question is an intercepted proof of his correspondence with the enemy; then, indeed, he disclaims being the author, and pronounces it a forgery, a malicious plot to ruin him. The soldiers, however, pay little regard to his remonstrances, but hurry him away to the war-council, and *Steinberg* makes his final *exit*, with the stale *Joe-Miller* jest:—"Miserable man that I am, why did I ever learn to write?"—What eventually becomes of the old dotard, we are not informed; though, as far as his fate involves the moral question of poetical justice, it would have considerably enhanced the interest of the *denouement*, if *Durimel's* deliverance had been contrasted with the punishment of his betrayer. For the rest, it is proper to observe, that the whole of this scene classes among the *additions* made to the piece by the translator.

SCENE II. Presents us with the interior view of a prison, with a * *couch*, or *settee*, for the accommodation of the newly-

* The introduction of such an appendage to a dungeon is an absurdity, the entire merit of which rests with Mr. Kemble. In the

newly-married pair; haply, for the better *consummation* of their nuptials! Day begins to dawn, and *Bertha*, who *very characteristically*, has sought relief from her sorrows in the arms of Morpheus, is discovered talking in her sleep, till *Durimel* rouses her from her slumbers; and, after a little conjugal chit-chat, requests her to leave the place, that he may be private with his father, whom he momentarily expects. *St. Franc* approaches, and *Mrs. Melfort*, with some difficulty, prevails upon her daughter to retire.

St. Franc informs *Durimel* that the regiment is under arms on the parade, and that a guard waits without, to conduct him to the place of execution. Having imparted his paternal benediction to his son, they prepare to leave the prison, when they are stopped by the sudden arrival of *Valcour*, who, unable to obtain *Durimel's* pardon, has concerted the means of his escape, by flight. A secret passage, we are told, leads to a private door, which opens on the public road. Here *Valcour* has posted two servants, in whom he can confide, with a carriage, and has further taken the necessary precautions relative to procuring a passport for the fugitive. *Valcour* presses *St. Franc* to lose no time in availing himself of the precious opportunity, and then withdraws, that his absence from the regiment may not beget suspicion.

Urged and intreated to save himself, and fly, *Durimel* refuses to preserve his life at the expence of his father's honour. 'Tis from the magnanimity which he displays on this trying occasion, that the Play takes its title. The indulgence of visiting his benefactress, his mistress, and his

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the original, the scene passes in *Mrs. Melfort's* house, where *Durimel* is permitted to pass the night, on the faith of his father's solemn promise to deliver him up to justice in the morning. A prison is not so much as mentioned throughout the whole Drama.

wife, was granted him on the faith of his * father's promise, confirmed by an oath, that he should deliver himself up to justice. As such, he is determined that his father's promise shall remain sacred and inviolate. He is resolved to meet his fate, and calls upon his father to follow him.

In vain would *Bertha*, who now re-enters, dissuade her husband from his fatal purpose. He tears himself away, and bids her an eternal farewell.

SCENE III. The † Parade, with the preparatory ceremony customary on such occasions. *St. Franc*, whose painful office it is to give the fatal signal, after a cruel strug-

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* By introducing the *prison-scene*, Mr. Kemble has greatly weakened the force and pertinency of *Durimel's* magnanimous refusal to escape. Whilst he continued, as in the original, under *Mrs. Melfort's* roof, his father was strictly answerable for his appearance. But this responsibility, on the part of *St. Franc*, ceases the moment *Durimel* is re-delivered into the hands of justice. The moment he is cast into *prison*, *St. Franc* is released from every obligation, and *Durimel* might have availed himself of *Valcour's* generous offer, without any infringement of his father's oath; without any impeachment of his father's honour. This shows how cautious translators, and *dresser's-up* of foreign plays ought to be in departing from the original plot.

† It is worthy of remark, as characteristic of the national taste, that though the catastrophe of this play is tragical in the original, the feelings of the audience are not outraged in the violent manner they are in Mr. Kemble's *adapted* version, notwithstanding he has given the piece a felicitous *denouement*. The French author, mindful of the Horatian precept—

Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet—

has suppressed the whole of this revolting scene, and contenting himself with the bare narrative, leaves it to the imagination of the reader, or spectator, to depict the concomitant circumstances of this tragical event.

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gle between parental affection and the call of duty, orders the soldiers to advance; but in the instant that he gives the word of command to fire, places himself between his son, and his destined executioners. This extraordinary conduct fills the troops with amazement; *Valcour*, as second in command, interposes, and the execution of the sentence is suspended.

The next and last scene re-conducts us to *Mrs. Melfort's* house. *Bertha*, in a state of distraction, bemoans her husband's fate. The awful roll of drums is heard; and soon after a discharge of musquetry, which *Bertha* interprets as the signal of *Durimel's* death, and falls into a swoon.

From this state of despair she is happily relieved by the entrance of *Valcour*, who announces himself as the harbinger of joy. *St. Franc* and *Durimel* follow at his heels; and now it appears, that the heroic conduct of the father has at length softened the flinty heart of the Colonel in favour of the criminal, who is pardoned and restored to liberty. The discharge of musquetry, which struck such terrors into *Bertha*, was a *feu de joye*, at this joyful and propitious event.

From this detail of the fable, the reader will perceive, that the *Point of Honour* does not lay claim to much originality of plot; to much diversity of character, or intricacy of events. Its chief interest results from the affecting situations in which the leading parties are involved; and which, though far from being novel, are however eminently impressive. The introduction of *St. Franc*, at once the father, the joint-judge, and commanding officer at the destined execution of the deserter, adds greatly to the effect, and makes a powerful appeal to the heart.

In forming a general judgment of the merits of this Drama, it is indispensibly necessary, to draw the line of demarcation between the *author's* claims, and those of the

translator. We are not fond of saying harsh things; but truth compels us to remark, that whatever tends to recommend the Play, belongs to the *original*;—whatever the *translator* has presumed to *add*, or *alter*, ranks among its defects. By this assertion, we do not mean to insinuate, that the Play has no inherent imperfections of its own, as we shall immediately proceed to show; but only to arraign the want of taste and judgment manifested by the adapter, who, without removing one single radical blemish, has contrived to introduce so much additional cause of censure and animadversion.

Among the inherent, original defects of the piece, we justly reckon the impertinence; or, rather, to give it the proper name, the brutal rudeness of *Valcour*, in the first Act. In this part of his delineation, the author has sketched his character with an unskilful hand: he has confounded gallantry with grossness; levity of disposition with vileness. *Valcour* does not act the gay, thoughtless, fashionable libertine; but the part of an ill-bred, vulgar, shameless, unfeeling rake. It ought, however, to be observed, in justice to the French author, that the English adapter has still further degraded *Valcour's* character, by the coarseness of his diction, and the indelicacy of his allusions.

Another strong ground of objection attaches to the conduct of the plot, as far as relates to the marriage of the two lovers, on the very eve of *Durimel's* execution. What possible good could result from such a measure, we are utterly at a loss to conceive. The reasons alledged by *Durimel* to his father, in favour of the match, are silly, puerile, and ridiculous. On the other hand, potent arguments present themselves against it. Circumstanced as *Durimel* was, it cannot be supposed that the indulgence of appetite could instigate to such a wish. Though *solemnized*, the marriage can scarcely be imagined to be *consummated*. What, then, are

are the consequences of the match to the survivor? For the silly gratification of bearing the name of *wife* for a few hours, *Bertha* entails upon herself certain and immediate widowhood; with the opprobrium of being the relict of a deserter; of a man, who suffered death, as a criminal!—Her future prospects in life are blasted; and all she acquires in return, is "a sympathizing friend, to dry her tears."—Such is the case, as expressly stated by *Durimel* himself. Yet even this small recompence appears highly doubtful and precarious. A sympathizing friend, in *St. Franc's* situation, liable as a soldier is in a strange country to momentary removal, holds out but little prospect of consolation to the afflicted *Bertha.* The well-known adage, "*here to day, and gone to-morrow,*" may be considered as the very symbol of the military profession.

These then, are the principal exceptions to the Drama, in its *original* form. But, when we contemplate the Play, in its *adapted* state, with the alterations made by the translator, cause for more momentous animadversion offers itself to our view. It has justly been observed by the writer of the Theatrical *critiques* in the *True Briton,* (and who from his relationship and intimacy with the translator cannot be supposed hostile to that gentleman) that the New Play has a tendency to palliate the crime of desertion, and to throw odium on those whose painful duty it is to enforce the laws enacted by the Legislature against that offence. This, as the writer remarks, is a very reprehensible feature, and fraught with more than common danger at the present momentous crisis, when the empire is engaged in a struggle, which a spirit of general and active patriotism alone can enable us to terminate with honour. At such a period, it behoves the Stage (as a school of practical instruction, in which example gives weight to precept) with tenfold vigour to strengthen the hands of Government. No representation should be tole-

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rated, which palsies the energies of the country, and interests the feelings in favour of a violation of military duty.

In these sentiments, as applying to the New Play, we fully coincide with the *True-Briton* critic. But that gentleman (probably never having read the original) has mistaken the object of his censure, when he imputes the blame to the French author, and endeavours to exculpate the translator, by observing, that " Mr. Kemble has, no doubt, rendered the Drama, the whole substance of which," he tells us, " is liable to this objection, as little exceptionable as possible."—The very reverse of this position is the actual state of the case. So far from pleading in favour of desertion, the French Drama holds out a most instructive lesson of the indispensible necessity of strict discipline, inexorable justice, and unwarped military allegiance. Not all the amiable qualities of *Durimel;* not the rank, the services, and reputation of his father; not the intercessions of *Valcour;* not even the heroic magnanimity displayed by *St. Franc,* when he * throws himself between his son and his executioners, can redeem the forfeit life of the deserter. The father is torn from the son's embrace, and the latter expiates his offence by death. Such a *denouement* assuredly cannot be accused of palliating the crime for which the delinquent suffers. Indeed, as a proof of the truth of our remark, we need only observe, that the Governors of France, since the Revolution in that country, have made use of this Play as a political engine, as a powerful antidote against the evil of frequent desertions, from which the arms of the Republic, at a certain period, experienced serious mischief and reduction. On its first representation, *Le Deserteur* was far from

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* Though this scene, as already observed, does not occur in the *representation,* in the original, it is, notwithstanding, understood to take place, and forms a part of *Valcour's* narrative.

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being a favourite; but, since the Revolution, it has acquired popularity, and has been repeatedly acted at Paris with considerable applause.

We forbear entering into a rigorous scrutiny of minute errors, which, at the best, is but an invidious and ungrateful office. The insipid buffoonery annexed, by the adapter, to the character of *Steinberg*, has already been sufficiently commented upon; and we have further pointed out a more serious error of judgment, in the introduction of the third Scene of the third Act, which is only calculated to deepen the gloom of a picture, in itself too uniformly sombre, and to excite sensations of horror and disgust. We shall, therefore, close our remarks upon the composition of the Play, by observing that the diction, though not of a superior cast, is in general correct. We meet, indeed, with a few uncouth phrases and grammatical improprieties, but they are trifling and venial. It were likewise to be wished that the translator had not, in many instances, given into the puerility and *namby-pamby* style of our modern race of novel-writers. Thus *Bertha*, speaking of herself, frequently makes use of the *third* person. "Oh, unhappy *Bertha!*"—"They dare not tear thee from thy fond *Bertha's* arms!" &c. We notice these peculiarities by way of friendly caution and monition, not from a disposition to cavil. To bestow the meed of commendation is far more congenial to our natural propensity, than to censure; a task which we never perform without reluctance.

Of the performers, Barrymore, as *St. Franc*, is entitled to priority of mention. His delineation of the fond, agonized parent, was characterized by exquisite tenderness and feeling. Indeed, we may with strict justice affirm, that we never saw him appear to greater advantage; and his subsequent choice of this Play for his own benefit, demonstrates his

his consciousness that the part was calculated to display his powers in the fairest light.

Durimel found an able representative in Mr. C. Kemble, who, with time and matured judgment, promises to become a very respectable performer. At present he is much too violent and impetuous, and by straining his voice beyond its natural pitch, falls off at the close of his periods, till he grows scarcely intelligible.

Fawcett, in the character of *Valcour*, was very unequal. In the lighter parts he is too laboured, for the personification of sprightliness and eccentricity; and in scenes of a graver cast, he is still more unsuccessful. Sentiment in his mouth converts into burlesque; and where the author means to touch the heart, the actor provokes a laugh. 'Tis only in scenes of coarse humour, and *outré* characters, that Fawcett appears to advantage. As the fine gentleman, he is a vile substitute for Mr. LEWIS.

'Tis to the debauched taste, and depraved judgment of the audience, that Suett stands indebted for his popularity. His buffoonery is well calculated to please the rabble of a theatre, who (with reverence be it spoken) are not confined, as is generally supposed, to the galleries. Low and ill-sketched as is the character of *Steinberg*, it becomes still more despicable and nauseous by Suett's delineation.

Miss Chapman is the same in every thing: coldly correct, inanimate and stiff, with an habitual frown of most repelling aspect. With the exception of her contracted brow, she conveys the idea of an *automaton*, rather than of a being susceptible of feeling.

Tragedy is avowedly not the sphere in which Nature has destined Miss De Camp to move. Yet, though not calculated to *excel*, as a votary of *Melpomene*, (for *Thalia* is unquestionably her proper patroness) she is always respectable.

table. Her performance, in the character of *Bertha*, was affecting and impressive.

The rest of the *Dramatis Personæ* are unentitled to notice: they were, in the technical language of the stage, mere *walking*-figures.

Mr. Barrymore delivered the Prologue, which had little purport than to bespeak the good will and indulgence of the audience. It hinged upon a sentiment directly false, professing that the Play to which it performed the office of gentleman-usher, was founded on the broadest principles of morality, without, in one single instance, wearing the dangerous disguise of one counterfeit virtue—that "it claimed not * one tear for suffering vice;" and that the hero owed his ruin, "not to his *delinquency*, but to the *over-strained rigour* of the law!" A more palpable contradiction can scarcely be conceived, than the whole tenor of the play offers to this declaration. *Durimel* forfeits his life by violating the laws of his country, and as such is *guilty;* yet is he brought forward as the object of commiseration, and his offence is entirely lost in the contemplation of the calamity he entails upon himself by his misconduct.

The Epilogue, spoken by Miss De Camp, contained some whimsical allusions, and was less objectionable in its principle. It traced the various acceptations of the word *Ho-*

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* "Think not his morals too severely nice,
"If not one tear be claim'd for suff'ring vice.
"If no false virtue's dangerous disguise
"Veil her loath'd image from your cheated eyes."
———"Your hearts shall sympathizing share
"The pious anguish of a Sire's despair,
"Who weeps, yet glories in a *blameless* son,
"By *laws too rigid,* not by *guilt* undone."

Prologue to the *Point of Honour.*

nour, as understood at different periods of time, and in different situations of life. The Play was favourably received, (the house being crowded with orders, which of course secured a preponderancy of friends) and announced for repetition, with few symptons of disapprobation.

WEDNESDAY 16.—THE POINT OF HONOUR—*C. Kemble.* OBI; OR, THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

SOME judicious curtailments took place on the second representation of the New Play. Among these, we justly rank the omission of the major part of *Bertha's* imprecations against the needful rigour of military discipline, and more particularly against the agents appointed to carry into execution the laws enacted for the punishment of deserters. But the principal ground of political objection still remains in full force; and is, indeed, so indissolubly connected and interwoven with the main texture of the Play, that a remedy may be considered impracticable.

THURSDAY 17.—THE POINT OF HONOUR—*C. Kemble.*
OBI; *or*, THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

FRIDAY 18.—THE POINT OF HONOUR—*C. Kemble.*
OBI; *or*, THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

SATURDAY 19.—THE POINT OF HONOUR—*C. Kemble.*
OBI; *or*, THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

MONDAY 21.—SIGHS; OR, THE DAUGHTER—*P. Hoare.*
OBI; *or*, THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

TUESDAY 22.—THE POINT OF HONOUR—*C. Kemble.*
OBI; *or*, THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

WEDNESDAY 23.—THE POINT OF HONOUR.—*C. Kemble.* OBI; *or*, THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

THURSDAY 24.—THE HEIR AT LAW—*Colman.* OBI; *or*, THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

FRIDAY 25.—THE POINT OF HONOUR—*C. Kemble.* THE CASTLE OF SORRENTO.

MRS. MOUNTAIN supported, for the first time, the character of *Rosina*, in the Entertainment.

SATURDAY 26.—BLUE-DEVILS—*Colman.* THE POINT OF HONOUR—*C. Kemble.* THE VILLAGE LAWYER.—*Macready.*

THE part of *Sheepface*, in the *Village Lawyer*, (acted this evening for the first time during the present season) by Mr. Emery, in the room of Mr. Wathen, being the first time of Mr. Emery's appearance in that character.

MONDAY 28.—THE LONDON HERMIT—*O'Keefe.* OBI; *or*, THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

TUESDAY 29.—THE JEW AND THE DOCTOR—*T. Dibdin.* 'TIS ALL A FARCE—*Allingham.* PEEPING TOM—*O'Keefe.*

THE performances of the evening were to have consisted of *The Point of Honour*, and *Obi;* but in consequence of the sudden indisposition of Miss De Camp, owing to the unremitting fatigue she had to encounter, night after night, in the principal characters of *Bertha* and *Rosa*, it was necessary to substitute the above Entertainments. Her incapacity to perform, not being known in time, to make the neeedful alteration in the Play-Bills, the change was announced

nounced by printed hand-bills, posted and distributed in the avenues of the theatre, and its immediate vicinity.

WEDNESDAY 30.—THE JEW—*Cumberland.* OBI; *or,* THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

MRS. MOUNTAIN undertook the part of *Rosa,* in the Pantomime, as the substitute of Miss De Camp; and great (deservedly so) as is the partiality of the public in favour of the latter, acquitted herself in a manner which gave general satisfaction.

THURSDAY 31.—THE AGREEABLE SURPRIZE—*O'Keefe.* FORTUNE'S FROLIC—*Allingham.* OBI; *or,* THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

MISS DE CAMP resumed her professional functions this evening, and was warmly greeted by the audience. She sustained her customary parts of *Josephine,* in the Play, and *Rosa,* in the Pantomime.

AUGUST, FRIDAY 1.—SIGHS; *or,* THE DAUGHTER—*P. Hoare.* OBI; *or,* THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

SATURDAY 2.—INCLE AND YARICO—*Colman.* THE CASTLE OF SORRENTO.

IT gave us sincere pleasure to witness the gratitude of the public towards their old favourite, Mr. Charles Bannister, evinced by the numerous audience, who honoured his benefit this evening with their attendance.

MONDAY 4.—THE POINT OF HONOUR—*C. Kemble.* OBI; *or* THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

TUESDAY 5.—THE HEIR AT LAW—*Colman.* THE CASTLE OF SORRENTO.

MR.

MR. WATHEN appeared this evening, in the character of *Zekiel Homespun*, for his own benefit; and performed the part more to our satisfaction than Mr. Emery, the present *locum tenens*.

WEDNESDAY 6.—THE POINT OF HONOUR—*C. Kemble.* OBI; *or*, THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

THURSDAY 7.—THE IRON CHEST—*Colman.* THE VILLAGE LAWYER—*Macready.*

WE are not of the number of those, who can discover no beauties in the *Iron Chest.* The plot, indeed, we allow to be defective; a fault, however, less imputable to the dramatist, than to the nature of the materials on which he has built his Play; but in point of diction, imagery, taste, and dignity of composition, it ranks infinitely superior to the generality of its co-temporaries. What a contrast does it form to the noisy, incoherent rhapsodies, which of late years have got so much into vogue!—to your *Ramah Droogs, Red-Cross Knights, Haunted Towers*, &c. &c.—but more particularly to the blundering *speaking* Pantomime of the present season, (we do not allude to *Obi*) on which we shall shortly have occasion to animadvert! Nor is this striking distinction in favour of Mr. Colman's productions to be wondered at. That gentleman possesses from nature the ground-work, the *stamina* of a good writer: his genius resembles a soil in itself fertile, but which has attained to a still greater degree of fecundity, by skilful cultivation. The grand mass of our modern playwrights, on the other hand, may be compared to barren ground, which owes no obligation to nature, and as little to art. Thorns and thistles, of course, are the only produce we can rationally expect.

A trifling *scenic* impropriety struck us in the representation, which we notice, not so much with a view to the immmediate object of discussion, as to call the attention of managers

managers in general to a due discrimination and observance of times, manners, and customs. The *modern* appearance of *Sir Edward Mortimer's* library ill accords with the *date* of the transaction. Ponderous *folios* and *quartos* were in fashion at that age—whole shelves of *duodecimos* and *sixteens* would have constituted a *literary phenomenon!*

FRIDAY 8.—THE YOUNG QUAKER—*O'Keefe.* OBI; OR, THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

FOR the benefit of Miss De Camp, who performed the part of *Dinah Primrose* with much feeling and effect. Mr. C. Kemble personated young *Sadboy*, being his first appearance in that character. Mr. J. Palmer, under the same predicament, appeared as the representative of *Captain Ambush.* The house was crowded to overflow in every part.

SATURDAY 9.—THE POINT OF HONOUR—*C. Kemble.* OBI; OR, THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

MONDAY 11.—THE POINT OF HONOUR—*C. Kemble.* OBI; OR, THREE-FINGERED JACK——*Fawcett.*

TUESDAY 12.—THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL—*R. B. Sheridan.* OBI; OR, THREE-FINGERED JACK.—*Fawcett.*

THIS elegant and truly classical Comedy (a title which it richly merits) was performed this evening, by permission of the Proprietors of the Drury-lane Theatre, for the benefit of Mr. C. Kemble. The veteran King, on this occasion, came forward in support of his brother actor, in his old character of *Sir Peter.* To enlarge on the merits of a performance so universally known, so universally and justly admired, would be trifling with the good sense of our readers; suffice

suffice it, therefore, to observe, that Mr. King sustained the part with his accustomed excellence.

The rest of the *Dramatis Personæ* were but indifferently filled. To find an adequate representative for the gay, easy, volatile *Charles*, would be a task of some difficulty. The same remark applies to *Lady Teazle*. These parts were severally sustained by Mr. C. Kemble, and Miss De Camp. Though we cannot so far sacrifice truth to compliment, as to ascribe to their performance the merit of a perfect delineation, we may, however, allow them the praise of being respectable. Mr. Davenport was Mr. Aickin's substitute, as *Sir Oliver*; and Mrs. Mountain appeared as the representative of *Maria*.

Towards the close of the Pantomime, Mr. C. Kemble, we are sorry to state, experienced a very serious disaster. In making his leap from the precipice, the needful precautions to break his fall, were not employed with sufficient promptitude. The consequence was, that Mr. Kemble received several violent contusions, and sprained his back in so dangerous a manner, as gives cause to apprehend, that the stage will long be deprived of the benefit of his abilities.

WEDNESDAY 13.—THE LONDON HERMIT—*O'Keefe.*
'TIS ALL A FARCE—*Allingham.*

IN consequence of Mr. C. Kemble's illness, the New Opera, in which that actor was to have performed a principal part, was necessarily postponed, and the above Entertainments substituted in its place. A proper apology was made to the audience, as well on account of the unavoidable disappointment, as the incorrectness which might naturally be expected to occur, from the suddeness of the change, and the absence of some of the regular performers.

THURSDAY

THURSDAY 14.—WHAT A BLUNDER!—*J. G. Holman.*
THE DEAF LOVER.—*Pilon.*

WE have frequently had occasion to arraign the depraved taste of the town, which seems to have arrived to that hopeless pitch of debauchery as to swallow any trash, however insipid and disgusting, provided it is accompanied with a little show and sing-song, by way of desert. Among the efficient causes of this increasing degeneracy, we have justly reckoned the baneful influence of habit, each new drama (with few exceptions) surpassing its predecessor in vileness; but the main source of the evil originates in that system of *dramatic monopoly*, on which we commented with befitting severity in our last. The candidate for theatrical honours, will find talents and genius but a very sorry recommendation in the eyes of managers, unless his pretensions are seconded by interest. He must *have the ear of managers*, and this is an advantage not easily to be acquired, whilst the dramatic caterers for the town are surrounded by such a greedy pack of retainers, such a swarm of locusts, who unite, as in one common cause, to engross the hive to themselves, to the exclusion of all rival pretensions.

Ever since it has become the fashion for *actors* to turn *authors*, the national drama has fallen into a state of rapid decline. Will any critic of sound judgment venture to affirm, that the late crude abortions of *****, ******, *********, and ****** would ever have obtained even a *patient reading*, much less, footing on the stage, if their respective authors, or rather *manufacturers*, had not been connected with the theatre? Would such a "*merciless mutilation*" (as a certain * periodical publication justly styles

* See Half-yearly Supplement to the *Monthly Magazine* for July last.

it)

it) as the *Red Cross Knights* ever have passed muster, if *Procrustes* had not been an actor? Would, to complete the climax, such a heterogeneous mass of folly and dulness, as the Opera we are now preparing to investigate exhibits, have been suffered to experience a rehearsal, if the author had been a stranger to the manager?

Though this piece bears the title of a Comic Opera, the only difference we have been able to trace between it and a Pantomime is, that the one boasts the advantage of dialogue, whereas the other consists entirely of dumb-show. In every other respect, the New Opera is inferior to many a Pantomime which we might name, and infinitely more inexplicable. Characteristic delineation is entirely out of the question. We meet with a Chief Officer of the Inquisition, (and the Inquisition in Spain, it ought to be remembered, is of a very different description from that of Italy; beyond comparison, more rigorous, powerful, and terrific) who cracks his jokes with all the pertness of a buffoon, and retails *Joe Miller* every time he opens his lips. To add to the absurdity and inconsistency of the character, this self-same Head of the Inquisition is, or has been, a *married* man, and has a legitimate daughter, named *Jaquelina*, who is the heroine of the Play, besides a son, supposed to have fallen in a duel. A school-boy, not yet in his *teens*, might have informed Mr. Holman, that the superior officers of the Inquisition, are composed of ecclesiastics, who of course are under a vow of *perpetual celibacy*. But this is not the only instance, by many, in which the nature of this *blundering* piece exactly corresponds with its title.

It would be superfluous and ridiculous to enter into a detailed analysis of the plot of an Opera, in which no one scene duly connects and assimilates with the other; and in which we scarcely meet with a single incident or sentiment,

that is not diametrically foreign to the genius of the country in which the action is laid. We shall therefore content ourselves with the bare outline of the fable, which we shall preface, as usual, with a list of the *Dramatis Personæ*.

Dashington,	Mr. Fawcett.
Sir Sturdy O'Tremor,	Mr. Johnstone.
Count Alphonso d'Esparza,	Mr. Holman.
Don Miguel de Lara,	Mr. Suett.
Lopez,	Mr. Farley.
Juan,	Mr. Emery.
Diego,	Mr. Atkins.
Patrick,	Mr. Chippendale.
Captain of the Banditti,	Mr. Sawyer.
First Robber,	Mr. Caulfield.
Second Robber,	Mr. J. Palmer.
Friar,	Mr. Abbott.
Angelina,	Miss De Camp.
Leonora,	Mrs. Mountain.
Jaquelina,	Miss Wheatly.
Viletta,	Miss Menage.

Nuns, Friars, Banditti, Officers of the Inquisition, &c.

SCENE—VALENCIA.

Sir Sturdy O'Tremor is a hypochondriacal Irishman, in love with *Jaquelina*, the daughter of *Don Miguel*, the Head Inquisitor; but the lady being confined in a convent, the only chance he has of obtaining her hand, is by carrying her off. In this attempt, he is principally assisted by *Dashington*, who, in the disguise of a friar, contrives to elude the vigilance of *Juan*, the gardener of the convent. *Sir Sturdy* elopes with his mistress, but *Dashington* is made prisoner, and brought before the Judge of the Inquisition, who orders him to be thrown into a dungeon.

From this confinement, *Dashington* is liberated by a band of

of robbers, who enter the prison of the Inquisition, with the intention to plunder and murder *Don Miguel* and his household. They propose to *Dashington* to become their accomplice, but he peremptorily refuses, and gives the alarm to the family. Disappointed in their hopes of plunder, the banditti carry off *Dashington* to their cave.

Here he finds a fellow-prisoner in *Jaquelina*, whom *Sir Sturdy*, it seems, had left to the care of his servant, whilst he went in search of *Dashington*. The robbers having neglected to secure the passage by which they entered the prison of the Inquisition, *Dashington* and the lady make their escape, and present themselves before *Don Miguel*, who now being informed of the services which *Dashington* had rendered him, by frustrating the evil designs of the robbers, restores him to his liberty.

Count Alphonso is the husband of *Angelina*. Previous to the commencement of the action of the Drama, it appears, that being weather-bound on his return to Madrid, he happened to fall in company at an inn with *Dashington*, who unguardedly * revealed himself as the favoured lover of *Angelina*. This avowal produces an immediate rencontre between *Dashington* and *Alphonso*, in which the former is run through the body, and left for dead. *Alphonso* loathing the world, on account of the supposed perfidy of his wife, sequesters himself from social intercourse, and leads a lonely life in a forest.

Mean while *Angelina*, unconscious of the cause of her

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* From this silly confidence, on the part of *Dashington*, the Opera, we understand, bore originally the title—"*Never Kiss and Tell*"—but the prudery of the Licenser taking offence, it seems, at the *inuendo*, Mr. Holman was obliged to *new-christen* his performance, by the appropriate appellation, under which it now appears.

husband's protracted absence, wanders in pursuit of him, but falls into the clutches of the same identical band of robbers, who afterwards capture *Dashington* and *Jaquelina*. She has the good fortune to make her escape, nobody knows how, (for, in this curious Opera, caves, prisons, and the formidable dungeons of the Inquisition itself, are but so many *pigeon-houses*, in which no person has occasion to endure confinement longer than he pleases, there being perfect freedom of egress and regress) and in her flight stumbles upon her husband, *Count Alphonso*, who, concluding her guilty, leaves her with disgust. *Angelina* runs after him, and meets *Sir Sturdy*; who, in his turn, consigns her to the care of *Dashington*. Whilst in the company of the latter, she again encounters her husband, whose rage growing ungovernable at the sight of his wife in the arms of the very man whom he had formerly fought, and, as he imagined, killed, for dishonouring him, he instantly draws, and attacks *Dashington*. But the combat is prevented by the sudden arrival of *Sir Sturdy*, with *Don Miguel*, *Leonora*, and the whole *posse comitatus* at their heels. An explanation takes place; from which it appears, that *Dashington* had paid his addresses, not to *Angelina*, but to *Leonora*, that lady's sister, who having refused to tell her name, *Dashington* over-hearing, as he was quitting the house, a passer-by exclaim—"There lives the beauteous *Angelina*"—naturally supposed the house to belong to his mistress, and that her name was *Angelina*. This fortunate *blunder* opens *Alphonso's* eyes, and convinces him of his wife's innocence. All parties are rendered happy; *Sir Sturdy* receives the hand of *Jaquelina*, and *Dashington* the hand of *Leonora*; and the piece concludes with a *doggerel* string of rhymes, which we subjoin, as a specimen of the poetry—

FINALE.

FINALE.

" From sorrow and perils tormenting,
Since now we are happily free,
Our pleasure in harmony *venting*,
Let's pour forth the numbers of glee.

" So merrily, merrily, singing,
Let joy's sprightly sound
Be wafted around,
While the bells are so merrily ringing.

" What transport! misfortunes ideal,
And springing from error to find!
And those transports will all become real,
If you to our errors prove kind!"

Then merrily, merrily, &c.

It has been our fate, since we have made the stage the object of our more serious attention, to witness much nonsense, folly, and extravagance, under the title of Comic Operas; but the production of this evening surpasses them all in vileness, and may be considered as the *ne plus ultra* of dulness and absurdity. The *Egyptian Festival*, which we characterized as a *dramatized pantomime*, is a classical performance, compared with Mr. Holman's abortion. Not one single character in the whole piece is true to Nature.

Sir Sturdy's valetudinarianism (if we may be allowed the phrase) has no connexion with the progress of the story. *Dashington* is an absolute *caricature*, outraging not merely probability, but possibility itself. His conduct and discourse in the Inquisition would scarely be tolerated in a madman. *Don Miguel* has not the smallest vestige of a Judge of the Holy Office. To that character, we naturally attach the idea of gravity, sternness, and reserve: *Miguel*, on the other hand, is a low, vulgar, familiar, talkative buffoon, with not

not one feature in his whole composition to command respect, and enforce authority. As many of our * Public Prints have affected to discover a great portion of what they are pleased to term *true comic force* in the examination-scene, in the Inquisition, it may not be inexpedient, by way of giving our readers a specimen, how much reliance ought to be placed on the judgment of Newspaper Theatrical Critics, to give an extract from this part of the Opera, briefly premising, that the transaction is supposed to take place in a country, where the terrors of the Inquisition are in their greatest force, and plenitude of power.

After the officers of the Inquisition have brought *Dashington*, in his Friar's disguise, into court, the Judge commences his examination *with becoming gravity*, as follows:

"*Miguel.* What is the prisoner charged with? Who accuses him?

All the Friars. I! I! I!

Miguel. I! I! I!—Why, what a volley of *I's* is poured all at once! You are as eager as a shoal of porpoises to devour your wounded fellow.

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* As a proof of the profligacy and venality of our diurnal prints, we shall briefly remark, that it was our lot, on the evening of representation, to fall into the company of several of the Editors. They all to a man (particularly the Proprietor of the *Oracle*) agreed, that the "*Opera was the vilest production they had ever witnessed,*" and immediately went to their respective offices, and *praised* it! So much for the integrity of Newspaper Critics! For the *True Briton*, indeed, we can make some allowance. The gentleman who writes the *critiques* for that paper, being understood to be in state of variance with the author of the Opera, was reluctant, by the exercise of critical severity, to subject himself to the suspicion of having acted from malevolent motives. He therefore spoke of the Opera in general, or rather in ambiguous terms, neither decidedly extolling nor condemning.

1*st Friar*

1*st Friar.* No fellow of our's, we disclaim him! he is a wolf in sheep's clothing!

Miguel. And what are you? If you are one of the flock, I am sure you are a fierce * *old ram,* and look a great deal more mischievous than the wolf, as you call him. But who is he? and what has he done?

Juan. I'll tell your Lordship all.

Dashington. I'll save you the trouble, brother florist, and tell his Lordship myself. You must know then, my Lord, that I have no more pretensions to this cowl, than I have to the Pope's tiara. I put it on to deceive old Cerberus there, (who, by the bye, is a very honest mastiff) and contrive to get the garden of the convent opened.

Miguel. Oh! only to get the garden of the convent opened; a very innocent device, upon my soul!

Dashington. Was'nt it? I knew you'd think so; you are a liberal man, my Lord, that can make allowances. Those fellows seem to consider the grounds of a nunnery, as their own manor, and want to punish, as poachers, all gentlemen who go there in pursuit of their own game.

Miguel. A mighty hard case, indeed, that a gentleman can't pursue his own game for you!

Dashington. Aye, there now; an't you ashamed of yourselves? But, my Lord, I did not go on sport of my own, but merely to aid a friend.

Miguel. There, you see the gentleman did not go on his own account, but merely to assist a friend. Well, so you and your friend between you, have contrived to carry away a few young ladies from the convent.

Dashingson. A few! only *one*, my Lord, upon my honour!

Miguel Only *one!* how moderate!

Dashington. And *that* one was a lady he doated on:—a lady,

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* This familiar chit-chat between the Chief Judge of the Inquisition, and the evidence against *Dashington* is, it must be confessed, highly characteristic of the gravity of Spanish manners!

whose

whose heart was devoted to him, as his to her, and without whom, existence would have been worse than death!

Miguel. Bless my soul! and so they want to punish you, merely for saving your friend's life? How shocking!"

In this strain, the Judge of the Inquisition runs on bantering and punning with his prisoner, in a manner confessedly highly characteristic of his office. But we might fill our Number with extracts and quotations, were we to give but the *tythe part* of Mr. Holman's absurdities. Suffice it, therefore, to observe, in general terms, that the language is alternately puerile and bombastical, never approaching the level of a neat, correct, and elegant style. It is further disgraced with a continual repetition of grammatical errors, and throughout the whole Opera, *if* is invariably substituted for *whether*. These, however, are but trifling blunders compared with the leading characteristics of the piece. We have frequently heard bad poetry described, as *prose run mad*; perhaps, with equal pertinency, we might define Mr. Holman's Opera, by the title of *mad farce!* Either that, or the appellation of a *speaking pantomime*, would be the fittest term.

The exertions of the performers evinced an anxiousness for the success of the piece. Mr. Fawcett, whose *forte* lies avowedly in scenes of coarse humour, had a part well suited to his powers, as *Dashington*. In Irish characters, Johnstone is always in his element; his delineation of *Sir Sturdy* was supported with his accustomed *naivete* and eccentricity. Suett, as the representative of a buffoon, (for *Don Miguel* deserves no better title) took care that the part should suffer no disparagement in his hands.

In consequence of Mr. C. Kemble's indisposition, Mr. Holman himself sustained the character of *Alphonso*. His performance is precisely on a *par* with his style; alternately flat and turgid; one moment disgusting us by insipidity, and the

the next by rant. 'Tis as we, on a former occasion, were compelled to remark—" *vox et præterea nihil!*"

With the exception of Mr. Emery's *Juan*, (which was as well pourtayed by that actor, as the nature of the character would permit) the rest of the *male* Dramatis Personæ were mere stalking hobbies.

What little interest attaches to the female performers, was principally engrossed by Mrs. Mountain and Miss De Camp. The former had some pleasing airs, which she gave with the happiest effect, and was deservedly *encored*. Miss Wheatly, who made her appearance this evening, for the *first* time on the Haymarket boards, had but a very indifferent part to sustain. Miss Menage, as *Viletta*, is a mere attendant on *Leonora*.

The music of the New Opera, though perhaps not sufficiently dramatic, is certainly far superior to the vehicle of its introduction. It is the custom of newspaper critics, when speaking of a science, of which they do not understand the very rudiments, to bandy about a few *cant phrases*, the precise application of which is as much a mystery to themselves, as to their readers. Hence we seldom see a *newspaper critique*, on a Musical Drama, in which the writer does not *ring the changes* handsomely, on the words *novelty*, *originality*, *grandeur*, *scientific conception*, &c. Mr. Davy, the composer of the music to the New Opera, has come in for his share of this *left-hand* species of abuse; and one paper in particular, *(The Morning Post)* after observing that " the music boasts neither novelty, variety, nor harmony," seems to think that the piece would succeed better without it! To this opinion, we can by no means subscribe. There are passages in Mr. Davy's composition which, in our opinion, may truly be denominated beautiful. Mrs. Mountain, as *Leonora*, has two Airs in the Second Act,—" *The hope which animates my heart*"—and, " *Again my absent love*

to meet,"—which no man, whose soul is capable of being moved by the concord of sweet sounds, can hear without rapture.

The Opera upon the whole went off, thanks to the indulgence of a *merry audience*, (as the *Morning Post* justly styles it) who laughed at the very blunders they might feel disposed to condemn, with greater *eclat* than it deserved; and was announced for repetition with few dissentient voices.

FASHIONABLES.

THE OPERA closed for the season on Saturday, 2d August, with *Alceste*, and the grand Ballet of *Laura et Lenza*. Madame Banti, on the eve of embarking for the Continent, took leave of her generous friends and patrons, and was warmly greeted by the audience.

VAUXHALL.—After a season of unprecedented success, this gay resort of fashion and beauty finally closed with a *Gala* night on Monday, the 21st instant. The uninterrupted series of fine weather, which has prevailed since the 4th of June, till within a few days past, has caused the gardens literary to overflow with company, night after night; and the different rowing matches of the 1st, 8th, and 9th instant, added to the *Gala* nights in honour of the birth-days of the different branches of the Royal Family, which fall within the month, have richly contributed to repay the Proprietors for their liberal exertions to render the Gardens worthy of the patronage they have experienced from the public.

RANELAGH.—In honour of the birth-day of his *Royal Highness* the Prince of Wales, a Silver Cup was shot for on the 12th instant, by four hundred of the members of the different Volunteer Associations. The prize, which was warmly contested, fell to the lot of Mr. Stevenson, of Mary-le-bonne.

NEW

NEW ROYAL CIRCUS.—In addition to the magnificent entertainment of the *Magic Flute*, the manager of this elegant Theatre has produced another splendid novelty, under the title of *Sir Francis Drake, and Iron Arm.* The scenery to the latter is uncommonly beautiful and picturesque, and the story is told with a degree of skill, as far as involves the action of the Drama, which would not reflect disgrace on our regular establishments.

Astley's Amphitheatre, Sadler's Wells, &c. have, in ample measure, derived their share of benefit and emolument from the almost unparalleled continuance of fine weather, which has distinguished the summer of the present year.

DRESS, &c.

THE light, airy, floating form of fashionable female dress, together with the *Oriental cast* of the drapery, have of late furnished ample food for scandal to certain *male* gossips, who seem to experience a strange kind of delight in venting their spleen through the medium of the public prints—especially in a certain Morning Paper, which ought to bear the denomination of the *Man-Milliner*, or the *Male-Gossip's Chronicle*—in ill-natured sarcasms on the loveliest part of the creation. The wit of these gentlemen consists in pampering their own worn-out lust with licentious ideas, and then applying the dreams of their own filthy brain, the workings of their own polluted imagination, to the refinements of taste, and the sportive fancy of unsuspecting innocence and beauty. The first *anathemas* against the charms of graceful form and feature, fulminated from a quarter which betrayed the sour leaven of envy and secret disappointment. To see *debility* turn moralist, and the dregs of concupiscence striving to wash out *imaginary stains* from artless purity, is a sight which excites sensations at once of ridicule and disgust.

It is an impudent assertion, which prudes and sour-faced ascetics, in all ages, have perpetually in their mouth, that men and manners are in a state of constant and regular degeneracy; and that every succeeding generation surpasses the former in depravity. Harping incessantly on this string, they annex their axiom to every object that falls within the scope of their observation, and seek to deduce an illustration of their doctrine from every occurrence, however foreign to the argument. Hence, even the fluctuations of fashion are pressed into the service of infuriate bigot zeal, and the innocent, nay, even the virtuous propensity of the human heart to attract admiration and to please, is made the ground of moral accusation, by the *male* and *female* prudes, who, dead themselves to the sense of enjoyment, sicken at the sight of felicity in others, and decry those pleasures which they have either suffered to slip through their fingers *untasted*, or in which they are no longer in a condition to participate.

But let us leave these morose moralists to rail, like the fallen angel, at lost happiness! Our British Fair, we are confident, are now at this very moment, not only as lovely, but as virtuous, as pure, and undefiled, as ever! Let, therefore, the consciousness of their own merit, be their shield against the calumny of *hoary letchery!* Let them still indulge the innocent curvettings of their sprightly fancy; let them be allowed to be the dictators of their own fashions, and may their taste be subject to no other control than that of their own good sense, with a due regard to their health and comfort. Under these restrictions, *and these alone*, we wish to see female fancy left to its own discretion! There will be, among the infinite diversity of taste and intellect, a sufficient proportion of *antiquated beauty*, to satisfy the claims of the admirers of *antiquated fashions*;

and

and this is all the consolation we feel inclined to accord them.

One word, however, *en passant*. It does not appear, on taking a retrospect of past times, that the stiff-ruff, the hoop-petticoat, and the *whalebone fences* of former ages, furnished a greater security to virtue, than the more graceful and convenient fashion of the present times. The fact is, that mankind are the same in all ages, and under all temporary diversity of circumstances. If it be urged as a matter of reproach against the present race of females, that they are fond of displaying the graces, of a fine shape, and a well-turned ancle, let it be remembered, that the same charge (if a *charge* it justly can be called, which we must beg leave to deny) was advanced against them under the *ancient* system. One of the greatest adepts in the movements of the human heart, that any age or country ever can boast, describes the ladies of his time, as carrying this wish to please, *a degree or two higher* than the present fashion warrants. He introduces a lady, not only of *ton*, but of reputation, arguing thus:

" With *handsome garters* at one's knees,
" No matter *what* a fellow sees!"

Recommending, therefore, to our lovely countrywomen, to trust to the impulse of their own good sense, and to acknowledge no other control, but what conduces to their health and comfort, we would advise all *male* prudes to look a little nearer home. If dress is to become the object of serious animadversion, of satire, and of censure, surely a richer harvest cannot be reaped, than presents itself in the manners and fashions of our *stilish Beaux*. The air of savage atrocity which they affect, and the closer approximation they make to the *hairiness* of Esau, in exact proportion to the *wane* of their powers; the *artificial semblance of strength*, which keeps strict pace with their *actual decrepitude*,

crepitude, and the *artificial swell of limbs*, which increases in the same *ratio*, as the *natural investment of flesh* diminishes, might well entitle the ladies to turn the tables upon us, and to arraign us of a worse offence than is alledged against themselves; to wit, of *wickedness in bondage*—of *impotence of sin*—of *incorporeal frailty!*

MANNERS AND MORALS,

ESSENTIALLY connected with the preceding topic, is the present theme of discussion. As beings, whose actions are the result of organization, the national character has strongly partaken of the "*skyey influences.*" In the despairing language of one of these *Jeremiahs*, whose passion for *Lamentation* we have already commented upon, we have had more *suicides*, more trials for *rapes* and *murders*, as well in the Metropolis, as in the course of the Summer Assizes, than was ever known before at this period of the year. What is the natural deduction to be drawn from this circumstance? Not that the age is more wicked, but that man is nothing more than an *organized barometer*, dependant on the very changes of the weather. Heat and cold, moist and dry, agitate his frame, and are the primary springs of his actions.

As far, however, as the question involves the national character, as to the manners, laws and customs, of the inhabitants, we cannot refrain from expressing our decided reprobation of the barbarous and gothic practice, which still obtains in this country, of punishing *suicide*, by a mutilation of the body of the deceased. This is an outrage committed, not against the individual, but against human nature itself, and reflects indelible disgrace upon our code of criminal jurisprudence. For the honour of humanity, we wish to see this barbarous custom abrogated.

When

When we published our *Admonitory Epistle* to Mr. William Gifford, in our last Number, we little thought we should have occasion to notice this *miscreant* a second time. But, it seems, the measure of his guilt was not yet full, though in our eyes, we must candidly confess, his cup appeared to be running over. Since the publication of our last, he has, in direct terms, not only without proof, but even without plausible pretext, accused his adversary, Peter Pindar, of a crime at which human nature shudders. The man who can advance a charge of so heinous a dye against another, without satisfactory proof and authority, is little better than a *monster*, and ought to be interdicted from society. But what shall we say to the man, who brings forward such an accusation, *knowing it to be false!* knowing, that the very newspaper, on which he rests his charge, has been prosecuted for dealing in this very species of libel! knowing, as he must, that the fabricator of the report (now dead, the late Mr. Finney, a name notorious for profligacy, and an apt co-adjutor of the *Times*) was in the habit of making this charge an engine of extortion; and that among other instances of his villainy, in this respect, he dared to attack a member of the House of Commons, in his parliamentary capacity; and was very properly, though not as rigorously as he deserved, punished for his temerity, his baseness, and his cowardice, by imprisonment! What name, what treatment can be too harsh and degrading, for a man, who is capable of such meanness, such turpitude, such infamy!

In consequence of this *brutal* attack, Peter Pindar, on Monday the 18th instant, dodged his libeller to the shop of Mr. Wright, a bookseller and publisher of Mr. Gifford's works, in Piccadilly. Peter no sooner was satisfied of the identity of his enemy, than he treated him as he deserved, by giving him a taste of his cane; but Gifford being encom-

passed

passed by his friends, Peter was overcome by superiority of numbers, disarmed, and ejected from the shop. Thus disappointed of his revenge, Peter published a statement of the transaction in the *Oracle*, to which his adversary has not hitherto thought proper to reply. But the *conscientious* Mr. Wright, though he expressly tells us, that he was absent at the time, has flatly contradicted Peter's account, upon the authority of *hearsay* evidence, and loading Peter with opprobrious epithets, impudently accuses him of falsehoods in his report of a transaction, of which Wright has no cognizance, but from the narrative of the party interested, in disguising the truth. Such a mode of defence, it must be confessed, is ill calculated to bias the public opinion in favour of Mr. Gifford.

In reviewing the line of conduct pursued by Peter Pinder on this occasion, we have two objections to make to his system of procedure. In the first place, (waving entirely the question of *legality)* we must condemn Peter for his rashness in not taking a friend with him: we all know the truth of the old adage—

Ædibus in propriis canis est mordaciorom nis—

In English, "Every dog fights best on his own dunghill;" and it was therefore highly imprudent in Peter to attack his enemy on his own ground, and in the midst of his satellites.

Secondly, we disapprove of the delay and tardiness manifested by Peter, in repelling so foul, so black, so diabolical a charge. Had Mr. Gifford dared to affix such a stain on the character of the writer of this article, "*the sun* (to speak in the language of Scripture) *should not have gone down upon our wrath.*" Either our own, or the tongue that uttered it, should have been mute—the hand that penned it, or our own, motionless for ever.

PROVINCIALS.

PROVINCIALS.

THE Royal Family arrived at Weymouth on the 31st of July, travelling all night to avoid the insupportable heat of the meridian sun! The Theatre opened on the following Saturday, the 2d of August, with Farquhar's sprightly Comedy of the *Beaux Statagem.* Quick, who is a great favourite with his Majesty, of course is the comic hero of the company.

The Birmingham Theatre, under the management of Mr. Macready, has experienced a very successful season. Among other London auxiliaries, we particularly notice the names of Mr. and Mrs. Pope, Mr. and Mrs. H. Johnston, Mrs. Litchfield, Mr. Macartney, Mr. W. Davies, (late of the Haymarket Theatre) and Miss Arne, of Drury-lane. Mrs. Siddons performed six nights, and is said to have netted 150l. by her benefit.

The Dramatic Romance of *Obi;* or, *Thee-fingered Jack,* has been lately got up at Birmingham, where it meets with great applause. Mrs. Litchfield sustains the interesting character of *Rosa;* and the sable hero finds an able representative in the person of Mr. H. Johnston, of Covent-Garden.

Brighton, and indeed most of the watering places, have been numerously attended this season. The management continues in the hands of Mr. Archer, who acquitted himself in that capacity with credit the preceding year. The *toy-curricle,* as it is termed, of Lord Belfast, (an infant Peer) valued at 150 guineas, considerably engaged the notice and conversation of the visitors during the races.

Liverpool has lost one of its primary attractions in the vocal line, in the person of Miss Poole, who, in consequence of her late marriage, retires from public life.

Margate is under the management of Mr. Wilmot Wells. Mrs. Martyr, from Covent-Garden, has gained great applause in the character of *Mackheath*, in the Beggars' Opera; and her daughter, who lately made her theatrical *debut* at Richmond, is rapidly improving in the profession. Among other new recruits, who are spoken of with commendation, is the young Lady who made her first appearance on the boards of Covent-Garden, May 17, in the character of *Emmeline*, in Reynolds's Comedy of *Speculation*. Mrs. Siddons made her *entré* on the Margate Stage, on the 25th of July, in the interesting part of *Lady Randolph*.

Richmond Theatre is under Didier's direction. Mrs. Martyr's daughter made her *debut* at this Theatre on the 4th of August, in the character of *Rosina*, for her mother's benefit. She is a pupil of Madame Mara, and promises to do credit to the talents of her instructress.

Mrs. Jordan's appearance at this Theatre has communicated new spirit and life to the place. She performed the first night of her engagement, the character of *Beatrice*, in the *Inconstant*.

THEATRE ROYAL, DUBLIN.

In few towns does dramatic merit meet with greater encouragement than in Dublin. The inhabitants are at once lovers and judges of theatrical excellence. Mr. J. Kemble, who is justly the object of admiration, wherever he professionally appears, is said to have cleared nearly 1000*l*. by his late trip to the sister kingdom. Messrs. Bannister, Incledon, and Munden, have likewise levied very handsome contributions. We should be guilty of injustice to philanthropy and merit, were we to omit to record, that Mr. Incledon, during his stay in Dublin, essentially promoted the receipts of a charitable society in that city, instituted for the relief of the sick and indigent, by *volunteering* the assistance of his great vocal powers.

ers. This conduct is the more entitled to commendation, as several persons, of inferior abilities, who were applied to, refused their charitable co-operation.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE interior of Covent-Garden Theatre, is new painting against the opening of the ensuing theatrical campaign. The boxes are to be of a light blue colour, with appropriate devices and embellishments in the front of each division.

Among the early novelties in the Dramatic line at this Theatre, report mentions a grand Dramatic Romance, in imitation of *Blue Beard*; an Opera, by Mr. Reynolds, to which Mr. Andrews furnishes the Epilogue; and a Comedy by Mr. Colman, the same which was originally intended for representation at the Haymarket Theatre; but which has been withdrawn, in consequence of the lateness of the season.

A New Tragedy, by Mr. Rogers, the Poet, is spoken of among the novelties of Drury Lane, independant of the farces sent in last season by Dr. Houlton and Mr. Fenwick, which are to be speedily brought forward.

Mr. Kemble, according to report, becomes a joint proprietor of Drury-Lane Theatre, of which he is stated to have purchased the share lately held by Mr. Grubb. From this auspicious event, the lovers of the Drama augur consequences of the greatest importance to the character and dignity of the national Drama.

Mr. H. Johnston and his wife resume their situations at Covent-Garden, under a new engagement, which leaves it optional to the Manager to continue them at the expiration of the ensuing season.

The intelligence of Kotzebue's liberation, which we were the first to communicate in our former Number, and which at the time was greatly questioned, (all the public prints conspiring to turn Kotzebue's misfortunes into a jest) is now

confirmed. It is to the intercession of the Prussian Minister, that Kotzebue stands indebted for his release.

Mr. Whitelock, brother-in-law to Mrs. Siddons, has been some time in London, where he is busily occupied in raising theatrical recruits for America.

Mr. Moorehead is preparing the Music to a Pantomime by T. Dibdin. From the well-known talents of this composer, we may anticipate much gratification to the *amateurs*.

Notwithstanding the general complaint of a want of the *circulating medium*, such is the rage for literary antiquities, that an old Play-bill was lately knocked down at a public auction at the high price of fifteen guineas.

CORRESPONDENCE, &c.

In consequence of our vindication of the literary character of Anthony Pasquin against the calumnies and libels of Mr. William Gifford, in our last, we have received the following Letter from Anthony, relative to his trial, which we insert literally, and at length, briefly premising, that in communications of this nature, we leave the writer to speak his own sentiments, without making ourselves aparty to his tenets, theological, moral, or political; or in any shape taking upon ourselves the responsibility of the contents, as far as such responsibility involves the right of private opinion—

For the DRAMATIC CENSOR.

"TO THOMAS DUTTON, M. A.

"SIR,

"I have to return you my sincere acknowledgments for your manly, effectual, and disinterested interference, between me and my implacable enemies, and which came with additional grace, as it was totally unexpected.

"The

" The immediate *object*, who was selected by my too powerful foes, to overwhelm me with the vilest slander, is a being that I never would know, and of whom I never would write. I believe that this *Insect* of *Parnassus* had originally no other point in view, than to acquire celebrity by provoking me into a state of replication. His fears of castigation and exposure, were absorbed in his love of notoriety; but, finding his puny efforts disregarded, he grew desperate from disappointment, and sinking from *satire* to *calumny*, he became despicable in proportion as he was enraged. Then what is the cause, it may be asked, of all this Lilliputian fury? I have never prayed, that in his embassies from nunnery to nunnery, for the pious Peer, who feeds him, he might break his shins over the stumbling blocks of virtue! I have never supplicated that he might become a mental blister to his noble *Tyro*. No! I would rather return him good for evil, and prove myself an excellent Christian, by restraining him in a deed of lunacy.

" This *Minim* of Literature, whom it would be a species of cowardice to exterminate, has had the hardihood to annex to his free translation of *Persius*, a daring libel, which he calls *my* trial. I shall reserve to myself the privilege of expatiating at large, in future, upon this false, iniquitous, and mischievous publication. If such misrepresentations are permitted, under the sanction of authority, it leaves to every wretch, the power of making the *supposed* proceedings of a Court of Justice, the engine of his own malice.

" It has been coarsely and vehemently asserted, that I have been systematically employed in laughing at the Bishops: undermining the monarchical establishments of the nation: VILIFYING THE KING, and traducing his glorious administration; yet to all these charges, I plead, *Not Guilty*.— As for his MAJESTY, you have already proved, from undeniable

deniable * documents, that I have, and ever had, the purest veneration for the Sovereign: and, in regard to Mr. PITT, I shall only remark, that were I that *terrible Democrat*, my opponents have thought expedient to represent me, could I have my wishes more compleatly gratified, than by the consequences of *all his public measures?*

"I am sure that I do not wish the orders of the Aristocracy obliterated, nor to witness the excesses of a mob. Would our nobility but condescend to be *gentlemen*, they should have my portion of respect. They do much to be despised, and, generally speaking, have their due. Their armorial bearings and local frippery awaken neither envy nor hatred in my breast: were they not vain and perishable, as myself, I might have other emotions.

"In your assertion, that I was '*marked for persecution*,' you are essentially right. As such, I was considered in America; and, as such, I shall ever be considered by all good men. The most ponderous calumnies were heaped upon my name, to operate as an oblique justification for an act of manifest illegality. Yet, why the privileges of a Court of Judicature should be perverted to the propagation of scurrility and low sentiment; and, why an infuriate and ill-educated advocate should be permitted to libel there, with impunity, and indulge himself in grossnesses, which he dare not utter in any other place; and which the victim libelled, dare not utter, of any person, in any place whatever; is a circumstance of wonder with the liberal and thinking part of mankind. I have been uniformly disposed to honour the seat of judgment, were it even encumbered by an *old woman!* But, alas! I have no power to make the head wiser; the heart larger, or to give additional feeling to the bo-

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* See the Extracts given from ANTHONY's Publications in our former Number, page 48—56.

som. As the world becomes more sophisticated and wicked, it dreads the touch of ridicule, with an increasing agony. The rough arm of authority can substitute violence for argument, and oppression for truth, and the energies of wit and reasoning are extinguished in the conflict.

"It is the abuse and not the use of the law, which the friends of humanity deprecate. If it is in the power of a Judge to introduce his prejudices into a Court, and make the statutes, like the bed of *Procrustes*, longer or shorter, to embrace or to reject an individual, agreeably to the notion of what may be insidiously termed equity, there must be an end to their stability. Their pompous *Nolumus Leges Angliæ mutari*, becomes a jest, and the deliberation of the three estates inconclusive. I have searched in our Code of Legislation, in vain, for that article which makes the presumed commission of one libel, justify the actual commission of another; as in that case, a man, who was presumed to be a robber, might not only be robbed by others, without punishment, but he might be punished for the temerity of complaining, and his appeal to the laws for protection, be rendered finally the cause of his own misery. I demand to know, if such a principle be admitted, (and no such principle is recognized in our constitution) where does the security of the subject repose?—If I am, in any degree, wrong in this statement, I shall be eager to make the *amende honorable* to the high authority alluded to; but, believing myself to be right, I will complain, in the face of the world. If any suppose that I will be trodden under foot patiently, they have formed an illusory idea of my disposition. I cannot annihilate the rocks and quicksands of injustice, but I will put a beacon upon the shore.

"The Lord Chief Justice of any country should be a gentleman in his demeanour; learned, temperate, urbane, and merciful: uninfluenced by those vile passions, which brutalize

talize and debase our nature; and, to be venerable, he must be exemplary. He should suppress the spleen of his anatomy; he is the *locum tenens* of Majesty, and, whenever he departs from the delicate injunctions of good manners, the King is dishonoured, in the indecorum of his representative.

The modesty of Mr. WILLIAM GARROW is no longer problematical. That unwieldy moralist, SAMUEL JOHNSON, has observed, that where there is some *shame*, there may be some *virtue*. How far this applies to that mirror of bashfulness, I shall leave his brethren to determine. His knowledge of the vulgar tongue reflects much credit upon the zeal of his godfathers! He was surely graduated in the Piscatory College of Thames-street, or he could not have marked his rhetoric with such peculiar rankness of phrase. But a general approval of this forensic dialect has not been obtained. The facility with which any blockhead can be abusive, makes a man of taste indignant at the practice: and, the ability to deal in rudeness *with impunity*, is but an inadequate apology for its exercise. But the time may arrive when he may illustrate the tenor of the ninth commandment, and unsay the incivilities of his *little* existence!

"If I am to be charged with *blasphemy*, because my understanding is imperfect, I am supremely unfortunate. If I have not a stomach sufficiently ample to digest the thirty-nine Articles of Faith, I may rather deserve pity, that my spiritual appetite is so weak and unpropitious: but, it should be recollected, that a document of belief cannot be enforced by the sauciness of a barrister, or the sabre of a dragoon.

"When a dispute arises between the intelligent and the malignant, the latter too frequently prevails. The line of demarcation between *satire* and *calumny* is broad and decided: the first requires a keen wit and sound judgment, and is healthful in its operation; but every dunce and miscreant has

has the capacity to defame; and, when they can no longer argue, they gloomily resolve to destroy!

"If it is in their determination, as it is in their fatal power, to sweep away the last vestige of my character, without adducing any *proof* of my unworthiness, they are welcome to my life also; as a man, without reputation, is, in my scrupulous comprehension, no man at all—Yet, shall a minion of despotism be permitted in this once envied island, to scowl in his recess, upon the retinue of merit: to mark out *his* sacrifices, with the pencil of ruin, like another *Sejanus:* and methodically harass them, through the assassins of his will, with all the horrors of a *Tiberian* policy: first, to sap the credit of the sufferer by a chain of falsehoods, artfully imposed and vehemently maintained; and, then to make his fall unpitied, from the loss of that honour, which they had daringly annulled?

"If every trial of a Philanthropist, *secretly proscribed,* is to make the basis of a novel commentary—if a new construction of an old ordinance is to arise out of the prejudices of the day—if we have but the wretched liberty to praise our task-masters, and not to question their misdeeds—if the Minister is to be upheld, as the ark of the covenant; and if all who regard him with irreverence must perish, it would be generous to let us know it, in a direct, and not an indirect sense. The *Russ* and the *Turk* incur no penalties, as it is confessed that they have no privileges; and, when it is authoritatively *confessed,* that we have no privileges, I will banish the idea of freedom from my contemplation. If my countrymen are so cajoled or terrified, as to call that man *moral,* who is *unjust,* I am sorry for it; I know my heart to be sound and good, and I will not be frowned into nothingness by any knave or slave whatever.

"The Editors of the London Journals have been peculiarly rude and uncharitable during my expatriation, and

seemed wondrously happy at my imagined extinction; as, if they could acquire fame or honour by my removal, or overthrow. To say the truth, I am not very angry with them, as they are not subjects for competition. There is but one solitary man of talents among them; and, by forbearing to name him, I shall not give offence to any of the irritable tribe; as each will lay claim to the singular distinction. It was not highly magnanimous in them to repeat their blows, when it was supposed that I had been "gathered unto my fathers;" but they are envious, frail, and diminutive, and I forgive them.—The weakness and folly of my nature may be easily made apparent, but to prove me dishonourable, will be a task of some difficulty.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obliged and obedient Servant,

London, "ANTHONY PASQUIN.

Aug. 12*th*, 1800.

"P. S. I trust it will be duly understood by the Public, that this letter is not written voluntarily, nor in a spirit of anger or sedition: it is the lamented result of necessity, and the *only* means I have left of resisting the most atrocious and accumulating obloquy."

The profligacy of *anonymous* critics, and literary hirelings, who *work in the dark*, has frequently formed the topic of our censorial disquisitions, and called forth our most decided and inveterate reprobation. In the very preamble, or *prospectus* of our Work, prefixed to the first Number of the DRAMATIC CENSOR, we expressly stated it to be a leading feature of our plan, to emancipate the stage from the *trammels of venality*; and that, in this view, we should not fail to impose a salutary restraint upon the wantonness and tyranny of the *Newspapers*, and other vehicles of malevolent and *anonymous* criticism. This promise

mise we have faithfully discharged; and the consequence has been, that we, in return, have become the object of the marked vengeance and malice of these *masqued* literary assasins, who, considering us in the light of a common enemy, are eager to do us all the injury their low cunning and cowardice can suggest.

The ease and impunity with which any blockhead, concealing himself under the safeguard of *anonymous* publication, can retail abuse, and propagate slander, determined us to pay no manner of regard to the splenetic effusions of these dastards. Hence the malevolent attacks of the puny drudge of the *Monthly Mirror* only excited our pity and contempt. Resentment was an utter stranger to our breast: nay, the work itself had our best wishes for its success, from the good will and friendship we bear to the Proprietor, whose suavity of manners, and general urbanity of character, cannot fail to conciliate the esteem of every person who has the happiness of his acquaintance. With a soul, open and ingenuous as the light of heaven, he possesses an understanding comprehensive and intuitive; and all his actions are regulated by the impulse of the purest philanthropy and benevolence.—To sum up his character in one word, he has a heart overflowing with the milk of human nature.

With equal indifference should we have passed over the ignorant and malicious attacks of another *anonymous* dastard in the *Monthly Review*, had not the superior reputation of that work caused some of our enemies to chuckle, and prompted them to deluge us with a torrent of epistolary abuse. Among this class of scribblers, we recognize an old correspondent, whom we treated according to his deserts in the Nineteenth Number of our Work; and who, during the short intervening period, has assumed no less than three different disguises. As the buzzing of a fly, under one's nose, harmless as the creature is, at length grows

teizing and intolerable, in like manner does the incessant rudeness of a dunce at length weary all patience. The mode which to us appeared most expedient, for crushing these reptiles, is to *re-publish* the work, which they affect to criticize, and thereby to appeal from misrepresentation, to the unbiassed good sense of our readers.

In this view, we have, as the reader will perceive, annexed to the present Number, the First Canto of a Poem, we published some time since, entitled "*The Wise Man of the East;* or, *The Apparition of Zoroaster;*" which certain of these cowardly hirelings have thought proper to denounce. It is our intention to give the whole of this Poem, in distinct proportions, in order to show our cavillers, how little heed we pay to their animadversions. As but a few copies of this Poem were printed in its original publication, owing to the miscarriage of the Play on which it is founded, it cannot be supposed to be in the hands of many of our readers; and those who are already in possession of the work, will have no cause to complain of its republication, as we make the reader a *present* of the Poem, by giving an additional quantity of pages. For the rest, we shall only observe, that with the exception of a few passages, in which the errors of Mrs. Inchbald were wrongly imputed to Kotzebue, and which therefore are very properly now altered, we give the Poem exactly in the state in which it originally appeared. As the work is distinctly paged, it will be at the reader's option to have it bound as a detached performance, or to incorporate it with the DRAMATIC CENSOR.

MR. WALSINGHAM will easily perceive the motive which influenced us to postpone our Report of the *Point of Honour* till the present Month. We had a promise of the loan of the Original, of which we have, we trust, satisfactorily availed ourselves.

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